THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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EDMUND DEACON, HENRY PETERSON, } EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

CLUBS.—FOR TERMS TO CLUBS SEE PROSPECTUS ON NEXT PAGE.

DEVOTED TO MORALITY, PURE LITERATURE, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, AGRICULTURE, THE COMMERCIAL INTEREST, SCIENCE, ART AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXXIII. | PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 24, 1853. | WHOLE NO. 1678.

Original Novelet.

THE LOST HEIRESS: STORY OF HOWLET HALL.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY MRS. EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH, AUTHOR OF "THE CURSE OF CLIFTON," "SHANNONDALE," "THE DESERTED WIFE," ETC., ETC., ETC.

[Entered according to the Act of Congress, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER XI.

THE FOREST HOME.

A green and silent spot amid the hills,
A small and silent dell! O'er stiller place
No singing sky-lark ever poised herself.
Oh, 'tis a quiet, spirit-healing nook,
Which all, methinks, would love—but chiefly she—
The humble one who, in her youthful years,
Knew just so much of sorrow as had made
Her early womanhood securely wise.

Coleridge.

When that awful day—that day of darkest ... was over—when the last sorrowful offices ... love, and the last solemn rites of religion, ... been performed for the dead, and when all ... to recover the living and the lost had ..., and been abandoned, and when the ...ful widow could remain no longer about ... her ill and orphaned boy,—then Father ...drich placed his parish for a week under ... sole charge of his colleague, and harnessed ... little donkey-cart to take Ellen and her ... home. To the poor young widow this ... very sorrowful journey, full of harrowing ...tions and associations. In passing every ... scene he loved so well, her heart bled ... and on reaching the chosen spot of ...

[...]

Divine balm and comfort over it. And when the life of probation is over, and both the oppressor and the oppressed shall stand before His judgment-seat—then shall they both receive of the fruits of their lives. Oh! let wronged, oppressed and suffering hearts, think of this—think of this, and bear up! The prosperous wrong-*doer* seems very happy—very happy, no doubt—and has everything in this world his own way; and he drowns the 'still, small voice' of conscience, in the convivial chorus song of the passions; but let him know that the God whom he has forgotten, has not forgotten *him*. And the poor wrong *sufferer* seems very hapless, certainly—even the oppressor in his very best moods, half pities while he despises him; and if it were not for selfishness, would deal him more justice; but let the victim know that the God who does not yet interfere—still sees, still watches, and still waits—that He sympathizes with his sorrows, rejoices in his patience, and will finally bless his love with a blessing inconceivable and full of joy—for 'Eye hath not seen, ear heard, nor hath it entered into the imagination of the heart, to conceive the joys that God has prepared for those that love Him.'"

"But, my dear child," said the priest, after a thoughtful pause, "do not fall into the sad but common mistake of the virtuous unfortunate, and falsely imagine that prosperity and success attend sin and selfishness alone, while misfortune and adversity wait only on the footsteps of righteousness. It is not always so, even in this world of imperfection and trial—God forbid! No! 'God-liness is profitable in all things having the promise of the world that now is, and that which is to come'—this is the rule, my dear child, and the reverse of it is the exception."

"But, Father! the exception is much more striking than the rule!"

"Because the rule is common place—the exception rare—therefore the exception is much more apt to impress than the rule."

Since the refusal of her relatives to assist her, it became necessary for Ellen to reflect and decide—or rather for Father Goodrich to reflect and decide for her upon what should be done ...

[...]

Our Picture Gallery.

THE MAHOGANY TREE.

Mahogany, although now in such general use as a furniture wood, was not introduced into England till 1724, but it was used in repairing some of Sir Walter Raleigh's ships at Trinidad, in 1597.

Mahogany is the wood of a tree of *Swietenia*, of the natural family *Cedrelaceæ*, named by Jacquin, in honor of J. Van Swieten. It grows in the West Indies and Central America; there are two other species found in the East Indies, but they are not much known in England.

The mahogany is one of the most majestic and beautiful of trees, with a large spreading head, and pinnate shining leaves. Its trunk is often forty feet in length, and six feet in diameter, and is divided into many massive arms, and throws the shade of its shining green leaves over a vast extent of surface. It is abundant in Cuba and Hayti, and it used to be plentiful in Jamaica; but, in the latter island, most of the trees, at least in accessible situations, have been cut down.

The principal importations into Great Britain are made from Honduras and Campeachy. That which is imported from the Islands is called "Spanish Mahogany;" it is not so large as that from Honduras, being generally in logs from 20 to 26 inches square, and 10 feet long; while the latter is usually from 2 to 4 feet square, and 12 or 14 feet long, but some logs are much larger.

Like the pine tribe, the mahogany timber is best on dry, rocky soils, or in exposed situations. That which is most accessible at Honduras, grows upon moist, low land, and is, generally speaking, inferior to that brought from Cuba and Hayti. Honduras mahogany has, however, the advantage of holding glue admirably well, and is, for this reason, frequently used as a ground on which to lay veneers of the finer sort. The cutting of mahogany at Honduras takes place at two different seasons—after Christmas and towards Midsummer. The negroes employed in felling the trees are divided into groups of from ten to fifty. The trees are cut about twelve feet from the ground, and are floated down the rivers.

The illustration above shows a party of negroes conveying away Spanish wood.

The best qualities of mahogany, such as the finest Spanish, bring a very high price. Some years since, Messrs. Broadwood, the piano forte manufacturers, gave the large sum of £3,000 for three logs of mahogany! These logs, the produce of a *single tree*, were each about 15 feet long, and 38 inches square; they were cut into veneers of eight to an inch. The wood was particularly beautiful, capable of receiving the highest polish; and, when polished, reflecting the light in the most varied manner, like the surface of a crystal; and, from the wavy form of the pores, offering a different figure in whatever direction it was viewed. Dealers in mahogany generally introduce an auger before buying a lot; but they are seldom able to decide with much precision as to the quality of the wood, so that there is a good deal of lottery in the trade. The logs for which Messrs. Broadwood gave so high a price, were brought to England with a full knowledge of their worth.

[...]

the baby ill, and physical pain was added to all her other sufferings. And now she awoke again and looked around with an anxious, searching look—but no mother or nurse, or loving auntie appeared there to make her little, perplexed, ...

[...]

every phase of human misery; and in the heavenly mission she found at last, *at last*, the solace for her sorrow. In the *active duties* of domestic, social and Christian life, is found the true "balm of Gilead."

In the meantime, Daniel Hunter was re-elected by an almost unanimous vote. And in due course of time the second Inauguration came off with all the "pomp, pride and circumstance" of the first solemnity. And once more the Governor's family were re-established in the Executive Mansion. But the rounds of State dinners, receptions, etc.,—the exacting duties of her position—were not allowed to withdraw Augusta entirely from the better beloved work of her Divine Master, into which she had engaged with all the constitutional fervor and devotion of her nature. And, indeed, the summer that followed Daniel Hunter's re-election was a season when the heaviest claims were made upon the benevolence and humanity of the rich and powerful. The fearful pestilence was striking through their midst, and hundreds fell before its withering breath. Its first victims were, as usual, among the very poor—and so rapid was its progress, that in three weeks after its first appearance, the hospitals and infirmaries were filled. Nearly all who were able to go, fled the doomed city. Few remained beside those moral heroes, the physicians, and those Christian martyrs, the Sisters of Charity. The senior members of Daniel Hunter's family had fled in dismay to Howlet Hall. But the Governor would not desert his post of duty. And his faithful wife would not either forsake him in his danger, or her suffering poor in their extremity. She, too, remained, putting herself and hers under the protection of God.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Pictures of Life.

TALE OF A FLIRT.

"Clara, what was that Mr. Grey was saying to you last night, when he put on your shawl?"

"Oh, nothing."

"Nothing. Why did he whisper it, then? ...

[...]

my mother; you will have an adequate excuse then, my love, if you need it."

"Don't give yourself the trouble of finding me an excuse, I beg, Mr. Craven," said Clara, as she saw in his words symptoms of the strong affection on which she delighted to play. "I shall not require it. I promised to dance the Cellarius with Mr. George Grey, and I mean to do it."

"Not if I forbid it?"

"Yes, even then."

"Clara, do not go too far, you will make me think you care more than you ought for that man."

"Perhaps you might be farther wrong."

"Do you want to drive me mad? but you only try it to torment me—I know you do."

"Positive assertions are often wrong," said she, coolly.

"Take care, Clara, you may try your power too far. I cannot bear this long."

"As you please—I am indifferent."

"You will be sorry for this, Clara—I warn you."

"We shall see," and she hummed the Anna Polka.

At this unlucky moment Mr. Grey rode up, and dismounting from his horse, hung his bridle over his arm, and walked beside them. Clara's evil star was in the ascendant, and she exclaimed, after the first greeting,

"Emily Chambers tells me we are to have Haywood's band to-morrow and two new polkas that she has got expressly from London—is it not delightful?"

"You are going, then? I was half afraid last night you would not."

"Of course. My errand into town to-day was to order a bouquet, but to my great annoyance, I find all the flowers are bespoken."

"Will you leave it to me?" asked Grey, eagerly, "I can get you some."

Clara looked through her ringlets at Mr. Craven, who walked beside her, and she saw by the angry expression upon his face, how much he was annoyed, and the power to do so called up the demon of coquetry in her heart.

"Thank you, if you will take the trouble; but remember I shall depend upon them."

"They shall be upon your dressing-table by six o'clock to-morrow evening. Will that do?"

[...]

THE EAGLES.

A HEATHEN IN SEARCH OF MISSIONARIES.

Clippings.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA:
SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 24, 185-.

ALL THE CONTENTS OF THE POST ARE SET UP EXPRESSLY FOR IT, AND IT ALONE. IT IS NOT A MERE REPRINT OF A DAILY PAPER.

TERMS, &C.

The terms of the POST are $2, if paid in advance—$3, if not paid in advance. For $5 in advance, one copy is sent three years. We continue the following low terms to Clubs, to be sent, in the city, to one address, and in the country to one Post Office:

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ADDITION TO CLUBS.—Any person having sent the money and names for a Club, may add new names to it at the same rate, provided the latter will allow their subscriptions to end at the same time those of the main list do. We will willingly supply the back numbers if we have them. Our object is to have all the subscriptions in each Club, end at one and the same time, and thus prevent confusion.

The Money for Clubs must always be sent in advance. When the sum is large, a draft should be procured, if possible—the cost of which may be deducted from the amount.

Post Masters or others sending for Clubs, would confer a favor by having them sent to one address, when they can do so conveniently.

A NEW ARRANGEMENT.—Our subscribers will take notice that we now have no collecting agents, out of this State. They will therefore please remit to us direct.

All persons addressing letters to us should be careful to give the name of the State, as well as of the town, in which they live. *All letters must be post-paid.*

Subscribers wishing their papers changed, will please give the name of the Post Office to be changed *from*, as well as the Post Office they wish it hereafter sent to.

We trust our old friends the Post Masters, will exert themselves and get up large Clubs for the Mammoth Post; or if they do not feel inclined to take advantage of our liberal offers themselves, that they will show our Prospectus to some other influential and responsible person who will be willing to do so.

THE CLOTHES QUESTION.

We have seen with regret in several of our exchanges, an attempt to throw ridicule upon the recent order of the Secretary of State, respecting the dress of our diplomatic agents abroad. Some allude to it as a very trifling matter, unworthy of the attention of the administration.

We do not so consider it—as we have manifested by repeated articles upon this subject, in former years. If we are not greatly mistaken, the country at large, without distinction of party, does not so consider it. Dress, while not the most important thing in the world, is by no means the least important. If any of our Presidents should begin to ape the sovereigns of the old world in his costume, the people would rightly infer that he was a monarchist at heart. And if he should change his hat, on State occasions, for a crown—although it would be a mere matter of attire—he would run great risk of having his crown forcibly removed, and might consider himself lucky if his head went not with it.

And we find that this matter which some have endeavored to belittle at home, meets with a reception very different from sneers in Europe. The Paris *Siècle* says—"Under this matter of clothes is concealed a great principle." While the *London Times* is of opinion that England should not feel flattered, when Americans consider court dress the measure of barbarism. But the good fruits of our representatives abroad dressing like republican men, and not like a showman's monkeys, is well shown in the following extract from a Paris letter in the Cincinnati Gazette. The writer is describing the effect produced by the presence of Mr. Sandford, our Acting Charge, at a State dinner:

"The reunion was a splendid one, and seemed more made up of gold, of dazzling crosses, stars and imperial eagles than of men. They were literally covered with showmen's finery. Mr. Sandford alone appeared in the humble dress of a plain citizen, black dress coat, white vest and cravat and pantaloons, without a sign of decoration or embroidery. During dinner, Mr. S. sat alongside the Charge of Switzerland, vis a vis sat the Charge of Venezuela, *so completely encased in gold embroidery that he moved his body with difficulty.* The Swiss Charge, turning to Mr. Sandford, said, 'Look at that little gentleman, who is the representative of the insignificant government of Venezuela, a power which can hardly stand on its legs; he is almost suffocated with the weight of his gold lace; while you, who represent one of the greatest, if not the greatest power in the world, appear here in the plain dress of an humble citizen. Sir, the contrast does you and your country honor!'"

The above remark of the Swiss Ambassador will be the remark of sensible men all over Europe. The United States, whose greatness, wealth, and power are undeniable, is just the country to set not only the Republican, but the refined and gentlemanly, fashion. We doubt not that the Ministers of other nations—especially of England—will soon begin to grow ashamed of their gaudy, undignified gewgaws and trappings. In private life, the laces, shoe-buckles, &c., of an aristocratic age, already have vanished before the republicanism and good taste of the nineteenth century—and the popinjay public dress is destined to follow *suit.*

CARS STOPPED BY GRASSHOPPERS.—It appears from the "Rome Sentinel," that some persons have doubted the very reasonable assertion made a few weeks since, that the cars of the Rome and Watertown Railroad were stopped by grasshoppers. A correspondent of the "Sentinel" replies that there is nothing incredible in the statement—that even a few drops of oil, or a small piece of tallow, on the rail, will stop the train. He continues:

It is not by way of an obstruction that the insects stop the cars, but by lubricating the track when crushed beneath the wheels, so the friction is overcome, and the wheels made to slide or whirl without drawing. Many simple causes will produce this same effect. I have known blades of green grass to do it. A few years ago, the trains between Rochester and Buffalo were stopped in this way. The grass beside the track was blown across the rail, so as to be caught under the wheels, and from this trifling cause some hours' delay of the cars was the consequence. The vanity of man must not make himself omnipotent. The proudest displays of his invention, and the mightiest of his works, are often destroyed and overcome by means and powers he would despise.

The ships of his commerce, which ride in defiance of the tempests and mountain waves, are frequently destroyed and sunk by microscopical insects. Armies which defy the power of mighty nations, triumph over fields of bayonets and blazing batteries, are many times reduced and rendered impotent by the insects of the camp. A few years ago, the machinery of the factories in England was stopped by the obstructions of the May bug (Dor Beetle), which fell in such quantities into the stream that fed the wheels as to obstruct them. I could relate many matters of history of the kind, but shall not take time on paper to do it.

It shows that man, with all his pride and power, is at the mercy of a Being who can arrest the displays of earthly wisdom, by means but little understood, and often despised by man. And when we meet with a rebuke of our pride in this manner, there is much more cause for pausing and reflecting that we may learn the more, than for treating the subject lightly or with ridicule. We more frequently exhibit our folly than show our wisdom.

We may add to the above instances of great effects produced by small causes, a fact which is at the present time attracting much attention in portions of England. A few years since, the appearance of a certain water-plant, common to Canada, was noticed for the first time. Since then it has spread so rapidly, that it is becoming a serious question whether the navigation of certain rivers will not be permanently obstructed thereby. The seed is supposed to have been brought in a cargo of lumber from this side of the Atlantic, and, finding European air and water beneficial, seems to have concluded to establish a branch of the family in the mother country.

But the world is full of such exemplifications of the poet's assertion,

"Great oaks from little acorns spring;"

or, as a famous corn-doctor once expressed it,

"Great aches from little toe-corns spring."

A NEW WORK, BY CAPT. RYNDERS.—Capt. Isaiah Rynders, of the Empire Club, keeps a diary, in which is recorded all his political, financial and personal exploits, and he is now writing a book for the press, which will contain all the minute reminiscences of his political operations.

We suggest for the title of the above work, the following:—Political *Kind*, by Captain Rynders.

WE HOPE NOT.

THE MAINE LAW.

SPIDERS.

MEXICO.

New Publications.

Clippings.

LETTER FROM THE EDITOR.

Miscellaneous.

THE SENATE.

General News.

FEUDAL INSTITUTIONS IN CANADA.

RAILROAD CARS.

SATURDAY

EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA:

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 24, 1859.

General News.

CONCLUSION OF THE TRIAL OF BISHOP DOANE.

The Court of Bishops met on Thursday, according to adjournment from Tuesday.

Former was off and Bishop Green in the Chair.

On Tuesday Bishop Potter appointed a Committee of seven Bishops to confer with the Presiding Bishop in order to ascertain from him whether they could not agree upon some plan for disposing of the Presentment.

The following paper was submitted to the Court by the Presiding Bishop:

The Presiding Bishops having been informed by a Committee of the Court, that a proposal is now under consideration to dismiss the Presentment, upon the special grounds stated in a report of the said committee, the chief of which is a certain acknowledgment on the part of the respondent, do represent to the Court that the entertainment of such a proposal is inconsistent with the Presenting Bishops, they being bound by the duty which they owe to the Church, to try by facts by the evidence, and the Presenters stand ready with their evidence to come on the trial, which they feel themselves bound to prosecute. They will call on the respondent to plead guilty or not guilty to the Presentment. They will not consent to any equal portion of the proceedings representing the Presentment to be withdrawn. The undersigned are prepared to abide by such course as the Court may take in the premises.

Signed,

WM. MEADE,
CHAS. P. McILVAINE,
GEO. BURGESS.

After reading the Presentment, the Committee of seven submitted the following report for consideration of the Court:

The Committee appointed to confer with the Presiding Bishop, in order to ascertain from him whether they cannot concur in some understanding which shall dispose of the Presentment, and also fully answer the purposes of justice, have to report that they have communicated with the Presenting Bishops, they found that no one of the Presenting Bishops was present when communicated in the order of the Court, the Presenting Bishops having been previously called to withdraw their presentment under any such acknowledgment as the Court considered necessary or willing to make. The Committee then communicated with the Presenting Bishops, and found themselves quite ready to acknowledge, as he had already done, in the address to the Court on the 20th of September to the 1st of April, under certain circumstances.

Mr. Soule.—The Paris correspondent of the New York Herald draws the following picture of Mr. Soule's speech to the filibusters of New Orleans, on the eve of their departure. The man has produced a profound sensation in Europe. The Journal des Debats says: "Mr. Soule seems little fitted for the part of a diplomatist; and the speech he addressed to the men he is still engaged in enlisting, several months ago, in the attempts to throw the night time from the track, have been many and various. Only on a few occasions are the guilty ones in each case discovered by the vigilance of the Messrs. Stephenson.

The Liberian National Convention, met in the city of New York, at University Chapel, on the 15th. Twenty-seven delegates, from the various Counties, presided. A Committee consisting of Rev. Peter Williams, Rev. Theodore S. Wright, of Philadelphia, Gould, of Providence, Forbes of New Haven, Ray, of Troy, Cornish, of Newark, and Whipper, of Washington, was appointed to prepare business.

The whole production of Ohio is estimated to be 25,000,000 bushels of corn, and 10,000,000 to 15,000,000 are surplus. It is said that only one-half of the land in Ohio is under cultivation. While some of the premium crops exceed 100 bushels, the average is not more than half altogether short of what he deemed his duty. Resolutions were then offered by Mr. Mercer, to raise $25,000 for the establishment of a high school or seminary.

Coal has been discovered in Iowa, near Iowa City. It burns well, and makes a clear fire with little waste.

The Boston paper has been issued in N. York

A lazy fellow up North spells Tortoise Tortoise.

J. Garvill, of Owen county, Ky., lately took a pocket-book containing $1,000 in bank bills, and a check for $1,000 more, from the counter of a bank in Louisville, and made his escape. He was also charged with stealing an army for Iconian defence to amount to $1,000 more, but escaped. He is still at large.

The Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore Railroad Co., are about to erect a new passenger station to connect the Broadway line.

A piece of outrageous cruelty was lately committed upon a horse which he drove in Cumberland county, N. Y. They were stood eight, and then a knife was run into the animal's throat, laying the distance in eight hours and eight minutes. Considerable betting was made on the time to less than an hour after it came.

The town of Memphis, Tenn., was dreadfully shaken on board the Bay State, the other day, by the sudden explosion of one of the boilers, which has since been learned to an early grave. The boiler was in the hold, and first blew the deck to a state of preservation, and together with about six tons of freight, and a few of the passengers on board, the boat was left a total wreck.

The Lehigh Company have signed a machine for the purpose of washing the coal as it is taken thrown over the dam. Quite a quantity of clean coal is thus saved annually.

Another and tragedy came off by playing with a loaded gun, on Saturday week, in the city of Ind., named Pratt, 12 years of age, aimed a gun at his brother, Wm. Pratt, 10 years of age, for his own amusement, and supposing the gun not go off, pulled the trigger, and shot her through the heart.

Mr. Edward Ryan, the nonconformist, Dr. Epps, of London, gives the history of the case of a woman who was cured of a cancer in the breast, by the application of bread from the tips of her fingers of the kneading-pan set forth by the practical nurse of the hospital. The woman had been under the care of the celebrated Dr. Sedillot from a month before the operation was performed.

The Pittsburg Printers have struck for higher wages. They ask $18 per week, and the proprietors have engaged family girls to take the places of the strikers.

Tom Chilcott.—Some cases of decided Asiatic cholera occurred in Cincinnati, and a number of others were reported. Among the deaths recently made, and has acted on to the extent of $1,000 in favor of the widow and children and industrious, in dependence upon God's providence, and in the exercise of every virtue, they just demand against him. an exception to the rule of the Presbyterian Church, in the case of Rev. Thomas Chilcott, of Cincinnati, a Committee of the trustees and members of the Presbyterian Church in that city, have now carried on, have undertaken to raise $1,000 for the widow and children of the late pastor, the whole of the mortgage debt, and have already succeeded in obtaining $700. Mr. Chilcott died in Cincinnati, on the 5th of March, with that of Burlington College, to which he was attached as professor of mathematics and natural philosophy. And this done, the trustees have also undertaken to raise a subscription of $1,000 for the income of both institutions to the liquidation of the debt upon the mortgage of the premises.

In the course of all these transactions the widow has been fed him into many of the Presbyterian churches, and has not been left to any one clergyman. It attended to the Rev. Mr. Chilcott, and to the Rev. Mr. Hall, and to the Rev. Mr. Hall, and to the Rev. Mr. Hall

Selected Poetry.

A RABBINIC L LEGEND.

BY FREDERICK LAWRENCE.

The shades of evening fell upon the land,
And Abraham thrust within his tent, and called,
As was his wont, upon the Holy God.

Three silent travellers at the portal stood,
A solitary, weary wayfarer,
Who sore with toil, hunger-smitten, travel-rutted,
And jaded and sad, "Have pity on the poor,
And give me leave to rest my lonely limbs,
And refresh my hunger with the stranger's food."

And Abraham heard, and in the sense of Him
Who in semblance followed all mankind,
Answered with the courtesy of the East,
And brought him in, and gave him bread to eat,
And furnished him with water from his well.

And therefore asked him not from whence he came,
Whether he journeyed, or what aims he bore;
Nor let that be wary, and dismissed him
By his own counsel, hungry and unfed,
Unwilling that a stranger should break with me.
And in my tent with me and mine abide;
And since my morning and my meal they need,
That when these are refreshed and satisfied,
They may'st proceed rejoicing on a day."

Then Abraham turned him about awhile,
And left upon his face, and prayed again,
And called aloud upon the Living God:

And he! the stranger rose, and went aside,
But kept his hose, nor uttered prayer nor praise,
Nor fixed his eyes upon the setting sun,
And answered something, which, as Abraham bowed
His head,
His watch was kindled, and he spake and said:

"Peace to One God, who made the heavens and earth—

To whom alone all homage should be paid
Him, shouldst thou worship, Him shouldst thou pray,
Him, and Him only."

The wise, all night, the sun, the firmament,
Are His, and formed and fashioned by His hand.
Why call'st thou not upon His name with me?"

The stranger answered: "Worship them thy God,
Nor is thy text wit I blaspheme His name;
But I have never learnt to pray to Him
Or worship not with thee, nor fear with me."

Then Abraham took the stranger by the arm,
And drove him forth, and drove him from the tent,
And so with force constrained him to depart.

And Abraham fell upon his face again,
And called once more aloud upon his God,
And lo! a voice said aloud him as he prayed,
"Oh, Abraham! Abraham!" Abraham knew the voice,
And spake and answered, "Yea, Lord, here am I!"

Then said the Lord: "Where is the man thou ought
For food and shelter at my servant's hands—
The stranger—that I sent to thee to-night?"

And Abraham answered: "He refused to eat
Upon the terms, and now I have let him find,
And I was constrained to drive him from the tent."

Then spake the Lord: "It be not old and poor—
Harm I not home with him three hundred years,
And would'st not thou the servant of my choice,
How with his presence for a single night?

And Abraham said, "I knew him to be cursed,
And cursed his house, and groaned within himself,
And cursed and said: "The Lord my God is good,
For me, therefore, I will eat and rest the more,
And bring him in unto my tent again;
For surely he shall rest with me to-night."

Then Abraham paused forth, and sought the man:
And wandering o'er the waste with weary heart,
What time the shades of evening fell on earth,
Found him at length, as through the wilderness
He journeyed yet till midnight should arrive.

And Abraham called after him, and said,
"Oh, stranger, I have done a grievous wrong,
And sinned against my God exceedingly;
Now, therefore, I beseech thee, turn again,
And rest this night upon my roof, that thou
And on the morrow take whate'er thou will,
For—for the Lord my God commanded me."

So Abraham caused the stranger to return,
And brought him back with him unto his tent,
And on the morrow Abraham prayed the Lord
To bless the man with further length of day;
And then and not to learn and do His will.

Selected Articles.

A TALK IN THE DESERT ON RELIGION.

During the time I was in Asia, (said my friend,) I had occasion to cross a part of the Arabian desert, toward the Red Sea. Of course on this journey it is necessary to have not only a guide, but a body-guard: and mine was this proud of night or mine as wild and picturesque-looking Bedouins as you would wish to see—true sons of the desert, and likewise of pure descent; there could not be much doubt about that.

They were faithful to me, however; and I was pleasant to gallop day after day amidst the broken tracts, sometimes covered with the dark shelt in such Arabic as I had contrived to pick up, and at other times withering rush them at horseback, as my guards pleased to exhibit for my amusement, or in practice for their own. In the heat of the day we struck our tents (each tents) and rested, as we did also at night. Our mid-day slumbers were often the most profound and the most prolonged.

One evening we had encamped as usual beside a muddy fountain, among the palms, lighted a fire, and drank our coffee. My guards were seated around the fire, smoking and talking, while I made an effort to sleep under cover of the tent provided for my especial use. I, was all in vain. The dust had adhered me of the probability of a night attack from a party of marauders, and of his tribe, whom he supposed to be in our neighborhood, but had begged me not to be alarmed, for my life was precious in his sight, and safe in his hands; he would die dead me to the last drop of his heart's blood.

It might be that I half believed his report, and more than half distrusted my respectable friend's bravery; at it might be that my costa had taken off the edge of drowsiness, or that thoughts of home kept my mind busy, or that the coffee I had drunk served as an anti-soporific, or that the loud talking of my Bedouins disturbed me. In short, I could not sleep, and, tired of tossing, I left my tent and drew near to the fire, which was very pleasant: for hot as are the days of desert travelling, the nights are often chilly.

My guards made room for me as I came near, and soaring myself beside the shelk, I lighted my pipe, and looking at the grim countenances of the rugged fellows around me, each of whom was armed with pistols stuck into the belt, and a tomahawk within reach of his hand, I wondered what my friends in England would think, if at that moment they had seen me.

My presence did not much disturb the tenor city of my guards; they paid little heed to their rapid conversation, till the shelk, turning suddenly round upon me, exclaimed:

"What strange men you Englishmen are!"

"How so?" I asked. "Why strange?"

"You never lied," said he.

"Not often," I replied, laughing; "that is when we can get anything by it."

My Arab found laughed too, for that evening we had stopped sparsely from necessity: "but, said he, "is it not part of your religion to lie?"

"Indeed I could reply—" I don't think you have any religion. You don't pray; you don't give alms: you do nothing."

The was a home thrust, and my countenance fell. I had looked upon the poor Arab as second me as so logisted to their faith, and had considered myself as completely superior to him in that I had deemed it prudent to avoid every topic that might renew their passions. In my solitary fear at mid-day, I had read the word of life; but I had concealed with jealous care from my guards the knowledge that I carried about with me "the Christian's Koran," and when at morning and night I had commended myself to prayer to God my Master, through Christ my Saviour, I had drawn close around me the curtain of the tent and whispered low and softly, lest I should be overheard. "You have no religion," said the shelk; "you don't pray; you do nothing."

"God forgive me," I thought. "The rebuke is not altogether unjust."

"How so," continued my reporter, and he went on hesitatingly to tell what their prophet required of them, and how many of their daily obedience in matters of devotion, charity and and denial; and while he spoke I lifted up my heart to God, and sought courage to bear a feeble testimony to His word. When the shelk paused, I put my hand into my bosom, and drew out a New Testament. "I have a religion," I said. "Would you like to hear what it teaches me on these high matters?"

"Certainly; would I tell him!"

By this time the attention of all my guard was directed to me. Their sparkling eyes were fixed fiercely, as I thought, upon me, their dark tawny looking more grim by the flaming fire around which they were seated; and their heads were ready to grasp a weapon that would speedily be lying down vengeance upon the head of the infidel dog who should dare to blaspheme their prophet.

"I have," I said, as I opened the New Testament at the ninth chapter of the Gospel according to St. Matthew. "I was speak of what I am going; how when my Master was about going a way," and I proceeded, from Acrobe the first four" "Fakir-head that! he said, and the other before men, to be seen of them," &c. When I stopped I looked up, and saw that the countenances around me were glistening, but not with anger.

"Bismillah!" and he uttered the shelk; "this is very good: go on."

I gathered courage, and read again: "And when thou prayest," &c. I read, translating as I read, to the fifteenth verse. Again I looked around me.

"Bismillah! but this is wonderful! wonderful!" exclaimed one to another, striking their hands, and rocking themselves to and fro; and my book and unbidding features was refused down in gold, coffee, their countenances.

"More, more."

I read on: "Moreover, when ye fast," &c.

"Bismillah!" exclaimed the shelk again; "but this is even useful!"

I studied to further raging on. Verse by verse, paragraph by paragraph, I read on to the close of the chapter, interrupted by the exclamations of wonder and approbation.

"Wonderful!" said my swarthy friend, the shelk, when I ceased; "I closed the book; it is this is wonderful! And what good people you Christians ought to be!"

I never, remembered my friend, forgot, and I hope I never shall forget, the lesson taught me by that desert fire. In the first place, I saw as I had never before seen, that caution may degenerate into cowardice; and I learned, in the second place, the secret of Christian's themselves being our judges, that if the professors themselves of Christ were held at all from what they ought to be, "the-minded one toward another, according to Christ Jesus," then and many how with one mind and one mouth we glorify God, even the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ," and the overwhelming verdict of the unbelieving world would be, "Nay, but this is wonderful!"—*London Tract Magazine.*

A MASS MEETING IN GENOA.

There is scarcely any man so destitute as in his widest knowledge something to the extent of a vain number of reasons for the benefit or his soul, or barely any poor woman who has not, from time to time, some secret sympathy with either for the soul or a deceased relative, for the cure of an invalid, or some sick, some object or for some such object. The sale of masses, therefore, is very considerable in Italy. I pay money my date, at the time the mass is paid for, and bears an essential part of a priest's income. The price varies according to the demand, exactly like the price of stocks, and, like them, ranges rise or fall with the greater or less supply in the market.

The spot where this singular exchange was held, where the price of masses was settled, and all transactions relative to this odd species of merchandise took place, was previously the Loggia of Banks, on the side fronting St. Lorenzo's Church.

If any one wish to have a mass said immediately, or if you had an investment of five hundred masses to make, you could find what you wanted in this place. Here, accordingly, I went to meet you, and made the bargain. Suppose a person who had some large deals of masses to say, to be in want of ready money, he found there those and brokers, who took the masses off his hands, and paid him the difference. Some of the big wigs Rothschilds of their exchange—had their pockets made thousands and thousands of francs.—These men monopolized the wars at a good price, and they got rid of the masses to poor priests, their clients, (especially to those from the country,) and thus realized considerable gains.

This sale of masses sometimes gave rise to very ludicrous scenes. I have frequented the place often enough to witness a great variety of such. I shall merely note the following:

A fat priest, very, with by his mother from Albano, a large village a few miles distance, was bargaining with a speculator for a mass. They bore at the said place. The servant had been authorized to bid as much as three francs: but it was Sunday, the weather was bad, and there were but five priests at leisure. The merchandise was tempting.

"I won't stir for less than five francs," says the priest, turning away, as if to break off the bargain.

"Five francs! that is unconscionable," returned the servant.

"Why, one night get a Neuna" for that."

"Five francs, get your *Nenna*, but you shall not have a mass."

The priest crossed the street and entered a new bargain.

"Boy, a glass of brandy," call he, to the boy behind the counter.

The servant, who followed close at the priest's heels, turned pale. If the priest should beg a single bit of clothing. If should get drunk.

"I'll give you four francs, though I am sure I shall be scolded."

"Five francs! that's my first and last word," raising the glass to his lips; "you may take it back again to your master."

He was just on the point of swallowing the contents, when the servant stopped his hand, saying,

"You drive a very hard bargain; however, this time I will agree to your terms."

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A MORMON STORY.

A writer in the Alton Weekly Courier, relates the following incident as having occurred during the Mormon troubles:

"Among the Mormons among the Mormons themselves, and several families, were on the point of starting for Nauvoo. Among these was a man named Bedding, who had a large family of several sons. Bill, that a large load of personal property was necessary for the journey, and that it would be necessary to sell off their cattle, their household furniture, &c. Bedding, who was a man of considerable means in Ohio, had